

## Design

We had it vast and busy, so abstracted. Where to move?

To a no-return, the too abrupt, seized, spun-brittle? A sort of sand?

The risk of losing  
is everything worthy

of lovers--and we must begin to love  
those bartering behind (another form

of suicide). They've wearied telling  
us to lighten, till our

old dance admits  
their quickened eyes.

They move naturally, then, in order  
to betray. What they brightly steal

can never finish well  
for us. We become the clowns  
of spite to poison what is passing.